Pedro. O her tongue!
Jag. rather her manie tongues,
Pedr. Or rather strange tongues.
Jagu. Her lying tongue,
Ped. Her lisping tongue,
Jag. Her long tongue,
Ped. Her lawlesse tongue.
Jag. Her lowd tongue,
Ped. and her lickerish,
Jag. manie more tongues, and manie strange tongues,
then euer Babell had to tell his ruins
were women raisd with all but neuer a true one. Enter Sophocles
Sopho. Home with your stuffe againe, the jorney's ended.
Jag What does your worship meane?
Sopho. Your master ô Petruchio, ô poore fellowes.
Pedr. O Jaques, Jaques.
Sopho. Oh! your Master's dead,
his body coming back, his wife, his duell,
the griefe of her.
Jag. Has kill'd him
Sopho. Kil'd him, killd him
Pedro Is there no law to hang her,
Sopho. Gett you in
and lett her know her misery, I dare not
for feare impatience straze me see her more,
I must away againe, bid her for wife-hood
for honesty, if she haue anie in her
ein to auoid the shame that followes her
cry if she can, your weeping can not mend it
the body will be here within this houre; so tell her,
and all her freinds to curse her. farewell fellows. — Exit.

Pedro O

Ped. O Jaques Jaques.
Jag. O my worthy Master,
Ped. O my most beastly Mistris, hang her,
Jag. Split her,
Ped. Drowne her directly
Jag. Starue her
Ped. Stinke vpon her.
Jag. Stone her to death; may all she eates be eggs,
till she run kicking mad for men
Ped And he, that man that giues her remedy, pray heauen
he may ene ipso facto loose his feelings,
Jag. Let's goe discharge our selues, and he that serues her
or speakes a good word of her from this houre,
a stagly curse light on him, which is Pedro
the fiend ride through him booted and spurd
with a sythe at's backe.

Enter Rowland, Tranio stealing behind him,

Row: What a dull asse was I to lett her goe thus,
V'pon my life she loues me still; well paper
thou only monument of what I haue had,
thou all the loue now left me, and now lost,
lett me yet kisse her hand, yet take my leaue
of what I must leaue euer: farewell Liuia —
Oh! bitter words, Ile reade ye once again
and then for euer study to forgett ye, —
How's this? lett me looke better on't — a contract!
I sweare a contract, seald and ratifide
her fathers hand sett to it, and Moresoes,
I doe not dreame sure; lett me reade againe —
the same still; 'tis a contract.

'Tis So